622 by the chief, and dies, his heirs must pay the compensation
596 claimed. All these rules clearly illustrate the communism of
622 family life and family property, under the supervision of the headman.

Should a numzane be absolutely unable to govern his village, 622 *the family council can depose him* and put another man in his 596 place. This council will be formed of old relatives, especially the paternal uncles to whom the younger brothers will go and complain of the misbehaviour of their headman. A younger brother will then be proclaimed and the elder will be despised. They will say : "Hi singe! A fahla muti, a hluli hi muti!" "He is a fool! He breaks the village ; he is overcome by the village," viz., not able to keep up his position.

As regards the *law of succession* to the headmanship, the second brother takes the place of the elder, and so on. The son of the elder cannot become headman until all his paternal uncles are dead. We shall find this principle also observed in the succession of the chiefs. (Part III.)

D. DAILY LIFE IN THE VILLAGE.

461 From the oxen kraal to the huts, from the square to the little wood, through the doors and in the reed yards, black forms are moving to and fro. Everybody seems busy. There is talking, laughing, playing and working. The expression "working like a nigger" is hardly applicable, for they do not kill themselves with work. It would, however, be quite as great a mistake to believe that the Natives spend all their time in loafing about. Far from it!

1. *Women's occupations.*

462 Women, especially, are very busy. When the sun rises, they
511 emerge from their huts, wash their faces, and light a little fire to warm the mealie pap which was left from the evening meal.

1: Junod M-5 (1895-1909) 1927 Thonga

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In a small pot they prepare a fresh sauce of monkey nuts to season it. The family takes its *morning meal* (fihlula) ; then, if it is the season of tillage, *they go to the fields*, with hoes on their shoulders, the shihundju (conic baskets) on their heads, and sometimes their babies on their backs. The whole morning they will dig up sweet potatoes, grub up their future plantation, or weed their

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Phot. H. Gra.

Spelonken women preparing the evening meal after their return from the fields.

mealies. In the heat of the day they come back in order to prepare the evening meal. Sometimes, if the gardens are far away, or when they are employed in scaring the birds from their sorghum plantation, they remain the whole day in their fields, and cook their evening food there, bringing it back to the village at sunset quite hot (1).

(1) I saw a Rikatla woman coming home under such conditions, carrying her child on her shoulders and the burning monkey-nut sauce in the shihundju on her head. Her foot caught in a root ; she tottered ; the pot fell on the baby, which was scalded to death.

462 511 356 317 Many other home duties may oblige the woman to leave the fields at noon ; her head still laden with her basket, she may go to the swamps, near by, and dig out a store of black clay (bompfi). She comes back, mixes the clay with the fresh dung which she has taken from the oxen kraal, and, spreading this mixture with her hands, smears the floor of the hut. This work is called *sindja* (Ro) or *kopola* (Dj.). Dust and vermin will at once disappear under this plaster of black earth, which will dry in a few hours time. Woe to the woman who has not put enough dung in this novel kind of cement! The floor will crack. The clay will shrivel and, when people walk on it, it will crumble into dust! The work will have to be done all over again two or three days later. But if the clay is of good quality, it will harden and last at least a week, the more so as neither wooden shoes nor nailed boots will spoil it.

462 511 313 284 Another woman will go with her primitive axe in search of dead wood. She makes a bundle which she ties with grasses, strengthening these grasses by entwining them with small twigs (1). On returning to the village, she throws her burden on to the ground, before the door of her hut, with the exclamation : "Hu!"

462 511 343 252 516 Others go to their storehouses, the small huts on poles, where mealies, monkey nuts in their husks, millet and sorghum are kept. They take what they need from these stores (tshaha) by lifting up the roof of the little hut, come back and empty the mealies into the mortar, whilst a friend rubs off the grains from the ears of millet or shells the monkey nuts. Two or three women seize their pestles and begin to pound, in measured time, the bottom of their mortars : Gu-gu-gu-gu. Quite a long way off, on the other side of the copse, this pestle song can be heard, resembling the noise of the flails when corn is threshed in the barn. And the busy women stream with perspiration! This method of crushing the mealies in an erect position, by a vigorous up and down movement of the pestle in

284 313 (1) Men, when they fasten a bundle with a string, make a knot (ba fundju) whilst women twist it with a little stick (sulela hi linhi) ; when a woman ties a knot, the two ends of the string will be at right angles to the string, whilst when a man makes it, the ends will be parallel with it. (Mboza).

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516 the mortar, is a very healthy one and gives the Thonga women a straight and slender figure. In the tribes where the millet is mostly ground between stones, the women who do this work kneeling are shorter and stouter.

462 511 312 Before putting the mealies on the fire, the women go down to the village well, their round pitchers on their heads, to fetch the water they need. In the Ronga country these wells are simple holes dug in the sand, in the centre of the hollows (1). Wells are generally surrounded by thorny branches so as to prevent the cattle from coming to drink and fouling the water. It must be observed that it is not a spring which feeds the well ; it is the underground layer of water which has been reached, and which always maintains the same level except in times of drought.

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Phot. A. de Manras.

Shiluvane girls returning from the well.

462 511 372 252 The sun goes down on the horizon. The long shadows of the trees round the village lengthen on the square. Through the leaves, a few rays still reach the fireplaces and traverse the smoke which rises peacefully from the various kitchens. Between broken pots, or between the pieces of termitine clay which constitute the hearth on which the pots rest, the women place some pieces of dead wood ; when these burn away in the centre, they push them further under the pot where the flour is cooking (ba hlanganyeta ndjilo). Evening has come. The men have arrived. With a large spoon (nkombe) the lady of the house

(1) In the Transvaal, where there are rivers, water is taken from them, or from wells dug near the spruit into which the water leaks through the soil, being more or less filtered by this process.

places the food (phamela) on plates of the size of small basins or dishes (mbenga). We have seen how she distributes it amongst the inhabitants of the village. When all have finished eating, the women wash the plates, put aside the pots which contain the food left for the next morning, and tidy up the yards.

Whatever we may say, the day has been a well-filled one for the women. They are very rarely seen playing in the day time. We shall see how they recuperate themselves in the evening.

II. *Men's occupations.*

As for the men, their life is far from being as active as that of the women. They have not, like their diligent wives, the regular continuous work of preparing the food, not to mention the care of the children. The duties which fall on them, and which they are willing to perform, only require of them isolated efforts from time to time.

As regards *agricultural work*, it is generally believed that men leave this entirely to the women. This is exaggerated. Amongst the Rongas each man possesses his own field which he himself tills, and this is an old custom, a special term even being applied to the field thus tilled: it is called *mpashu*. He may sow seeds in it, but he does not weed it, leaving his wife to do this troublesome work for him and also to reap it. He makes only one exception in the case of the sorghum, of which he consents to go and cut the ears. But he helps his wife in other ways, for instance in the storing of the food; he builds the little huts used as storehouses, prepares the *tjala*, viz., the mat stretched on four poles on which ground nuts are dried in the field, digs holes for the *buhiri*, the shelf at the back of the hut where the basket containing the seeds is placed. His wife does not think him a lazy fellow at all. When the harvest is finished, she takes the smaller cobs of mealies (makunhula), those which will not be kept, or the grains of millet and sorghum which are found on the threshing floor after the threshing, and with them she prepares a special beer to